



The Student's
Book of
Inspirations

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The Student's Book of Inspirations

THE STUDENT'S BOOK OF INSPIRATIONS

SELECTED AND ARRANGED WITH
AN INTRODUCTION
By EDWARD DICKINSON



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To my Pupils in Oberlin College
Present and Past
This Book is Affectionately Dedicated

∴

Verily, youth is good; it contents itself with so little, it is so thankful for what is done for it, that it is always a pleasure and profit to serve it. And I was near forgetting the best thing about it, — we become young in its company. All the elixirs in the world cannot compare with it for those who dread old age.

CHARLES WAGNER, *Youth.*

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Contents

INTRODUCTION	xi
THE INSPIRATION OF NATURE	1
THE INSPIRATION OF BEAUTY	23
THE INSPIRATION OF COMRADESHIP	47
THE INSPIRATION OF THE TASK	59
THE INSPIRATION OF GROWTH	81
THE LARGER VISION	105
INDEX	131

Introduction

THIS volume is the outcome of a service which I once undertook to perform for a young pupil of mine who did not seem to me to be getting all the joy which the intellectual life, even of a beginner, ought to provide. Faithful and ambitious almost to an extreme, a lover of study for its own sake, an intense desire for evidences of progress brought on too frequent attacks of that depression which is the shaded side of studious fidelity. It is very evident that the pressure of our educational methods weighs most heavily upon those students who need it least, and high grades upon the registrar's tables are often paid for by a loss of the freshness and vivacity of spirit which is youth's birthright as well as its charm.

With the thought of lightening the dull round of routine I sought the aid of that noble company of the wise and good, friends of those who would live in the spirit, —

Introduction

poets and scholars who have put into breathing thoughts and burning words the inspirations that have come to them in their own passionate search for truth and beauty. Dipping into my "commonplace books" and taking soundings in my memory, I began the practice of disengaging from time to time some ringing challenge to faith and courage, and handing it over to my young friend as a bracer in times of hesitation. What students greatly need (and teachers no less) is a wide vision of the relation of their task to life; a philosophy which finds pleasure in the very exercise of the intellectual faculties regardless of immediate results; a frequent glimpse of the glory of the kingdom of beauty and truth which forever surrounds and draws into itself the daily drudgery. And so, out of an impulse to suggest resources of good cheer to as large a circle as I might be able to reach, this collection was gathered.

The purpose, in a word, is to help to put enthusiasm into the customary routine of the student's life. There are, to be sure, many school enthusiasms always at

Introduction

hand. The school period is one of romance, and poets, novelists, and biographers have touched it with the brightest colors of fancy. It is charming to all who have traversed it, and not less so to those who catch from a distance its glimpses and echoes. And at the same time nothing is plainer than that the joys that attend academic life in actuality and memory are not commonly the joys of mental application. They are social, not solitary; not of work, but of play. They are in the games, the rallies, the reunions; in the doings of the class and the fraternity; in the *esprit de corps*; in the affections that run from comrade to comrade and give sweetness to every association. They have their sources outside the classroom and the study chamber; their home is the campus, the athletic field and the society lodge, rather than the recitation hall, the laboratory or the library. The Class Day orations and poems touch a chord of feeling that is never swept by the Commencement address or the Baccalaureate sermon, however eloquent. These enthusiasms lie in the matters that form the

Introduction

subject of reminiscence at class reunions. It is not usual for the participants in such festivals to dilate in joyous reminiscence over the scholarly lectures of the professor of psychology, or the chemistry professor's demonstrations of the behavior of certain odoriferous gases. The "old grad" will hug his erstwhile chum when he meets him by surprise in the college walk, but he does not feel the same impulse when he encounters one of his former instructors, or, if he does, it will be due to some quality of good-fellowship possessed by that worthy rather than to his erudition. Richard Hovey, going back to his Alma Mater, sings exuberantly of

"The ball-players on the campus, and their
shouting,
The runners lithe and fleet,
The noisy groups of idlers, and the songs,
The laughter and the flouting";

and finds a theme of genial badinage in certain

"Spectacled, comic, unrelated beings
With book in hand,

Introduction

Who, 'mid all stir of life, all whirl of rhythms,
All strivings, lovings, kissings, dreamings, see-
ings,
Still live apart in some strange land
Of aorists and ohms and logarithms."

And Alfred Noyes, who is a scholar as well as a poet, brooding deeply, as Hovey did, over life's graver problems, when he revisits Oxford pensively notes "the strange new names on the doors," longs for an old face to greet him, "a hand to grasp and to hold"; and the beautiful city is not, in the moment's affection, a haunt of letters and science, but

"The city of friends and echoes, ribbons and music
and color,
Lilac and blossoming chestnut, willows and whis-
pering limes."

In all this we have the "eternal boy," and to the natural boy, and girl too in less degree, study seems in the hours of freedom something forced and artificial; enthusiasm is for fellowship; love goes out spontaneously to persons, to the concrete, not to abstractions. Even to those of us who are veterans

Introduction

in life's battles, and think we have discovered the permanent values, there are memories of victorious football matches, and Class Day rejoicings, and society reunions which shine with a brighter lustre than even the final examination which clinched for us the Phi Beta Kappa.

The secret of the matter is, that in all these things I have mentioned there is poetry. The average college student may profess to have no interest in poetry, but the life he loves best is all a poem. These joyous experiences are the outburst of the play impulse, and they also involve the sense of comradeship, which is dear to youth. This is also the reason why they are so lovely in far retrospect; youth is renewed in the reflected light of them. The natural expenditure of physical energy and the social emotions, and the sharing of this exuberance with congenial mates, are not only signs of bodily and mental health, but they also impart health, and must have a prominent place in every rational scheme of education. They signify a gratification of the

Introduction

purest instincts, a regular return to Nature which is the ever-flowing source of power, and the free play of the affections which charge the life of routine with the sweetness of the ideal. Love is the crown of life, and the things which the fresh, unspoiled spirit of youth spontaneously loves are surely good as well as beautiful.

And yet, my dear young friends, this play of body and spirit is an incident of college life, not its sole, or even its prime purpose. It is not the object for which the college was invented. There is an interest known as study; there are formidable powers called sciences, which command us to their service with stern voices; there are severe functions catalogued as lectures and laboratory experiments and recitations and examinations. The college system permits the discharge of the animal and social cravings only after long hours of solitary grinding. Mental discipline comes before mental emancipation. The essential college duty is a hard, drudging business, to be faced with grim resolution, and carried through with a firm

Introduction

grip upon those volatile impulses which are always alert to break loose from their bondage. "He only earns his freedom," says Goethe in "Faust," "who daily conquers it anew," and in college, as elsewhere, we conquer the right to play and rejoice among our fellows when we have faithfully fulfilled our obligation to "the duty that lies nearest."

Now the question arises, How shall we gain inspiration for these tasks, which are always laborious, often grievous? How shall our so-called self-denials become no longer denials, because they are felt as affirmations of our better selves? Let us call to mind the saying of Emerson that nothing great is ever accomplished without enthusiasm. We do not need to hunt for enthusiasm to attach to our sports and social activities, — they are themselves enthusiasm. But the solution of a mathematical problem, the digging out of facts that seem to us alien to our real needs or purposes in life, the slow turning of a rusty key in the lock of a foreign language, the attempt to discover the relations

Introduction

of ideas and to reduce our gains to systems, — in a word, the slow, disciplinary processes of application, investigation and reasoning — how can we derive from them the mental elation which makes our feet light upon the stony places? Success is slower where there is no joy in the work; indeed we question if success without joy is worth achieving. We may quicken our energy under the forced draught of the will and launch ourselves, as James says we should, with strong and decided initiative, accumulating “all the possible circumstances which shall reinforce the right motives”; we may appeal to conscientious considerations, and try to brace ourselves with the thought of the rewards which wait in the far distance, and yet all these supposed aids often add weight to the burden instead of lightening it, and we echo Wordsworth’s rather forlorn conclusion that

“’T is a thing impossible to frame
Conceptions equal to the soul’s desires;
And the most difficult of tasks to keep
Heights which the soul is competent to gain.”

Introduction

The one thing that is needed is inspiration. Assuming physical health, which must be maintained by exercise, diversion, and repose, the mental powers must be buoyed up by enthusiasm.

“Tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled”;

but the student's hours of insight should be so frequent that the hours of gloom are kept away altogether. The student must in the first place find inspiration in the task itself, and not make a complete separation between the life of duty and the life of freedom. The rapture which he finds in the latter must somehow enter into the former, that study may seem a natural activity, having much of the quality of play. Mr. John Burroughs, in one of his many invigorating essays, tells us that the secret of happiness is to be found in “congenial work.” True enough, but an adoption of this principle as a student's rule of life might lead to an abuse of the elective system; we cannot, under the conditions that generally prevail in the world, always choose the work that is inherently most

Introduction

agreeable; for most people their work is forced upon them by circumstances, and in any labor, however accordant with our taste, a large portion must be drudgery. Our problem then is to *make* our work congenial. There are three conditions involved, it seems to me. In the first place we must keep ourselves in such a state of bodily and mental vigor that the exercise of energy and consciousness of skill will give pleasure, as they always do to a healthy constitution. In the second place, there must be a consciousness of progress, of growth. Mr. Burroughs, speaking of happiness, says that "the best thing for a man is that which keeps the currents going, — the physical, the moral, the intellectual currents." True also, with the proviso that they must be going *somewhere*, not circling around in eddies and backwaters, and they must seem every day to be stronger as they flow. And, in the third place, we must often stand aside from our work and survey it from an elevated point of view, seeing its relations to the other ongoing currents of human life; realizing the grand

Introduction

truth that no action is isolated, that all who are acquiring efficiency and culture and character are exercising creative force, are partners of the Divine Artificer who employs human effort for the working out of purposes of good. With some such self-consciousness and some such vision, our work, however small and apparently mechanical, takes on beauty and joy, for it is seen in its fitness as a part of larger designs — first the building of character and skill, and then the adaptation of these to results which will grow to noble issues in hands that are safer than ours.

It is not easy to attain such confidence as this. If left alone, the young person can reach it only in rare moments, and reaction comes quickly. He needs such moments often and he must have help in gaining them. He needs the guidance and assurance of superior spirits who have found the clue to happiness in labor. The chief glory of the printed word is that it is a means for the communication of spiritual power. I have spoken of comradeship — the student al-

Introduction

ways needs comradeship, in his studies as well as in his diversions. Fortunately such familiar spirits are always at hand, invisible, but ever ready with counsel and good cheer; friends who understand him; friends who have also struggled and agonized, who have fought as he has with doubts and fears, who have come forth victorious, and in their victory have found a joy and peace which no weariness can cloud or calamity dispel.

I have assembled a little company of such witnesses, and have bade them tell of the delight they have found in the intellectual life. I have asked them to testify in regard to certain sources of inspiration which are open to every one who wishes to live the full life of the mind, — sources lying in nature, in beauty, in human sympathy, in courageous grappling with difficulty (the joy of the mental athlete), in glimpses of a higher ideal life which is not confined within one's own attainment, nor restricted to one's brief day of earthly labor. They and others like them have revived my faith and reinforced my energies in many hours of weariness and

Introduction

dejection. It is my hope that this little collection of wise and beautiful appeals will inspire others with confident courage; that those who read will find in this shining company a “choir invisible,”

“Whose music is the gladness of the world.”

The Inspiration of Nature

The Inspiration of Nature

Merely to bask and ripen is sometimes
The student's wiser business; the brain
That forages all climes to line its cells,
Ranging both worlds on lightest wings of
wish,

Will not distil the juices it has sucked
To the sweet substance of pellucid thought,
Except for him who hath the secret
learned

To mix his blood with sunshine, and to
take

The wind into his pulses.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Under the Willows

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open
road,

Healthy, free, the world before me,

The Student's Book of Inspirations

The long brown path before me leading
wherever I choose.

Henceforth I seek not good-fortune, I my-
self am good-fortune,

Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone
no more, need nothing.

Done with indoor complaints, libraries,
querulous criticisms,

Strong and content I travel the open road.

* * * *

You air that serves me with breath to
speak!

You objects that call from diffusion my
meanings and give them shape!

You light that wraps me and all things in
delicate equable showers!

You paths worn in the irregular hollows
by the roadsides!

I believe you are latent with unseen
existences, you are so dear to me.

* * * *

The Inspiration of Nature

I think heroic deeds were all conceived in
the open air, and all free poems
also;

I think I could stop here myself and do
miracles.

* * * *

I inhale great draughts of space,
The east and the west are mine, and the
north and the south are mine.

I am larger, better than I thought,
I did not know I held so much good-
ness.

* * * *

Now I re-examine philosophies and reli-
gions,

They may prove well in lecture-rooms,
yet not prove at all under the spa-
cious clouds and along the land-
scape and flowing currents.

WALT WHITMAN
Song of the Open Road

The Student's Book of Inspirations

Though our lives, moving in one dull
round

Of repetition infinite, become

Stale as a newspaper once read, and
though

History herself, seen in her workshop,
seem

To have lost the art that dyed those glo-
rious panes,

Rich with memorial shapes of saint and
sage,

That pave with splendor the Past's dusky
aisles;

* * * *

Yet while the world is left, while nature
lasts,

And man, the best of nature, there shall be
Some freshness, some unused material

For wonder and for song. I lose myself

In other ways where solemn guide-posts say,

This way to Knowledge, this way to Repose,

The Inspiration of Nature

But here, here only, I am ne'er betrayed,
For every by-path leads me to my love.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Under the Willows

Magnificent

The morning rose, in memorable pomp,
Glorious as ere I had beheld. In front
The sea lay laughing at a distance; near
The solid mountains shone, bright as the
clouds,

Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean
light;

And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common
dawn, —

Dews, vapors, and the melody of birds,
And laborers going forth to till the fields.

Ah! need I say, dear friend, that to the
brim

The Student's Book of Inspirations

My heart was full; I made no vows, but

VOWS

Were then made for me; bond unknown
to me

Was given, that I should be, else sinning
greatly,

A dedicated Spirit. On I walked,

In thankful blessedness, which yet sur-
vives.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The Prelude, Book IV

We must go out and re-ally ourselves to
Nature every day. We must make root,
send out some little fibre at least, even
every winter day. I am sensible that I am
imbibing health when I open my mouth
to the wind. Staying in the house breeds a
sort of insanity always. Every house is, in
this sense, a hospital.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

Journal: Winter

The Inspiration of Nature¹

Measure your health by your sympathy with morning and spring. If there is no response in you to the awakening of nature, if the prospect of an early morning walk does not banish sleep, if the warble of the first bluebird does not thrill you, know that the morning and spring of your life are past. Thus may you feel your pulse.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU
Early Spring in Massachusetts

I wish to begin this summer well, to do something in it worthy of it and of me, to have my immortality now, in the *quality* of my daily life. . . . I pray that the life of this spring and summer may ever lie fair in my memory. May I dare as I have never done. May I persevere as I have never done. May I purify myself anew as with fire and water, soul and body. May my melody not be wanting to the season.

The Student's Book of Inspirations

May I gird myself to be a hunter of the beautiful, that naught escape me.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

Early Spring in Massachusetts

To speak truly, few adult persons can see nature. Most persons do not see the sun. The sun illuminates only the eye of the man, but shines into the eye and the heart of the child. The lover of nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other; who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood. His intercourse with heaven and earth becomes part of his daily food. In the presence of nature a wild delight runs through the man, in spite of real sorrows. Nature says, — he is my creature, and maugre all his impertinent griefs, he shall be glad with me. Not the sun nor the summer alone, but every hour

The Inspiration of Nature

and season yields its tribute of delight, for every hour and change corresponds to and authorizes a different state of mind. . . . In good health the air is a cordial of incredible virtue. . . . In the woods is perpetual youth. . . . In the woods we return to reason and faith. There I feel that nothing can befall me in life, — no disgrace, no calamity (leaving me my eyes), which nature cannot repair.

* * * *

How does nature deify us with a few and cheap elements! Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Nature

My heart is fixed firm and stable in the belief that ultimately the sunshine and the summer, the flowers and the azure sky,

The Student's Book of Inspirations

shall become, as it were, interwoven with man's existence. He shall take from all their beauty, and enjoy their glory. . . . Let us not look at ourselves but onwards, and take strength from the leaf and the signs of the field.

RICHARD JEFFERIES

The Pageant of Summer

Let me have wider feelings, more extended sympathies, let me feel with all living things, rejoice and praise with them. Let me have deeper knowledge, a nearer insight, a more reverent conception. . . . Expand the mind until it grasps the idea of the unseen forces which hold the globe suspended and draw the vast suns and stars through space. Let it see the life, the organisms which dwell in those great worlds, and feel with them their hopes and joys and sorrows. Ever upwards, on-

The Inspiration of Nature

wards, wider, deeper, broader, till capable of all.



How grand and holy is this life! how sacred the temple which contains it!

RICHARD JEFFERIES

Nature and Eternity

O beautiful human life! Tears come to my eyes as I think of it. So beautiful, so inexpressibly beautiful! . . . How willingly I would strew the paths of all with flowers; how beautiful a delight to make the world joyous! The song should never be silent, the dance never still, the laugh should sound like water which runs forever.

RICHARD JEFFERIES

The Story of my Heart

How beautiful it is to be alive!
To wake each morn as if the Maker's
 grace

The Student's Book of Inspirations

Did us afresh from nothingness derive,
That we might sing, "How happy is our
case!

How beautiful it is to be alive!"

HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON

Oh, our manhood's prime vigor! No spirit
feels waste,

Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor
sinew unbraced.

Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping
from rock up to rock,

The strong rending of boughs from the
fir-tree, the cool silver shock

Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the
hunt of the bear,

And the sultriness showing the lion is
couched in his lair.

And the meal, the rich dates yellowed over
with gold dust divine,

The Inspiration of Nature

And the locust-flesh steeped in the pitcher,
the full draught of wine,
And the sleep in the dried river-channel
where bulrushes tell
That the water was wont to go warbling
so softly and well.
How good is man's life, the mere living!
How fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses
forever in joy!

ROBERT BROWNING

Saul

*Out of the hills came a voice to me,
Out of the pine woods a cry:*

O you who would know us, come out from
the roofs you have made,
And plunge in our waters and breathe
the sharp joy of the air!
Let the hot sun beat down on your fore-
heads, lie prone in the shade

The Student's Book of Inspirations

With your hearts to the roots and the
mosses, climb till you stare
From the summit that juts like an island
up into the sky!

Watch the clouds pass by day, and by
night let the power of Altair
And Arcturus and Vega be on you to lift
you on high!

For our heart is not down on the maps,
nor our magic in books;

But the lover that seeks us shall find us,
and keep in his heart

Every rune of our slow-heaving hillsides,
the spaces and nooks

Of our woodlands, the sleep of our
waters. His thoughts shall be part
Of our thoughts, and his ways shall be
with us. His spirit shall flee

From the gluttons of fact. He shall
dwell, as the hills dwell, apart.

The Inspiration of Nature

He only that loves us and lives with us,
knows what we be.

RICHARD HOVEY
Dartmouth Ode, 1894

Smile, O voluptuous cool-breathed earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid
trees!

Earth of departed sunset — earth of the
mountains misty-topt!

Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon
just tinged with blue!

Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide
of the river!

Earth of the limpid gray of clouds brighter
and clearer for my sake!

Far-swooping elbowed earth — rich apple-
blossomed earth!

Smile, for your lover comes.

WALT WHITMAN
Songs of Myself

The Student's Book of Inspirations

Light, my light, the world-filling light, the eye-kissing light, heart-sweetening light!

Ah, the light dances, my darling, at the centre of my life; the light strikes, my darling, the chords of my love; the sky opens, the wind runs wild, laughter passes over the earth.

The butterflies spread their sails on the sea of light. Lilies and jasmines surge up on the crest of the waves of light.

The light is shattered into gold on every cloud, my darling, and it scatters gems in profusion.

Mirth spreads from leaf to leaf, my darling, and gladness without measure. The heaven's river has drowned its banks and the flood of joy is abroad.

* * * *

Yes, I know, this is nothing but thy love, O beloved of my heart — this golden light that dances upon the leaves, these

The Inspiration of Nature

idle clouds sailing across the sky, this passing breeze leaving its coolness upon my forehead.

The morning light has flooded my eyes — this is the message to my heart. Thy face is bent from above, thy eyes look down on my eyes, and my heart has touched thy feet.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Gitanjali

To be possessed by primitive genius.

That would be to arise each morning with the wonder of a child awaking, for the first time, by the sea, or among great mountains, or in a forest roofed with wandering cloud and inhabited by a whispering wind.

It would be to arise with the spirit of youth, proud as a young eagle staring across the dominions of the sun, or upon the green lands and gray seas far below.

The Student's Book of Inspirations

It would be to arise with the instinctive gladness of every child of the bushes, of every little one of the grass; of the salmon leaping in the sunlit linn; of the swallow and the wild bee; of the lark in the blue pastures of the air.

The communion of life! To breathe once more in a common joy! To feel the brotherhood of life!

To feel this, with the thrill of conscious oneness, rejoicingly; as children of one mother, nestlings of one brood; and, thus feeling, to perceive and be at one with the secret springs of the inward life in caverned thought and image-building dream, and of life made visible in motion, color, form — this would be to know the primitive genius, to be possessed by it, to be of the genii of the morning.

FIONA MACLEOD (WILLIAM SHARP)
The Winged Destiny

The Inspiration of Nature

When the breath of twilight blows to
flame the misty skies,

All its vaporous sapphire, violet glow and
silver gleam

With their magic flood me through the
gateway of the eyes;

I am one with the twilight's dream.

When the trees and skies and fields are
one in dusky mood,

Every heart of man is rapt within the
mother's breast:

Full of peace and sleep and dreams in the
vasty quietude,

I am one with their hearts at rest.

From our immemorial joys of hearth and
home and love

Strayed away along the margin of the un-
known tide,

The Student's Book of Inspirations

All its reach of soundless calm can thrill
me far above

Word or touch from the lips beside.

Aye, and deep and deep and deeper let
me drink and draw

From the olden fountain more than light
or peace or dream,

Such primeval being as o'erfills the heart
with awe,

Growing one with its silent stream.

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL ("A. E.")

By the Margin of the Great Deep

The Inspiration of Beauty

The Inspiration of Beauty

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health and
quiet breathing.

Therefore, on every morrow, are we
wreathing

A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman
dearth

Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened
ways

Made for our searching: yes, in spite of
all,

Some shape of beauty moves away the
pall

The Student's Book of Inspirations

From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the
moon,

Trees old and young, sprouting a shady
boon

For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and
clear rills

That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest
brake,

Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose
blooms:

And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or
read:

An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour; no, even as the trees

The Inspiration of Beauty

That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the
moon,

The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom
o'ercast,

They alway must be with us, or we die.

JOHN KEATS

Endymion

Poetry, painting, music, and the fine arts generally, which delight to manifest the sublime and the beautiful in every various aspect and attitude, fall under the category, not of an accidental accomplishment, but of an essential and most noble blossom of a cultivated soul.

* * * *

Let the young man, ambitious of intellectual excellence, cultivate admiration;

The Student's Book of Inspirations

it is by admiration of what is beautiful and sublime that we can mount up a few steps towards the likeness of what we admire.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE

On Self-Culture

Beauty is the joy of the eternal youthfulness of the creative mind. And it is the sharing of the gladness of the creative discovery of a reawakened life in the universe that constitutes the love of art to us.

OKAKURA-KAKUZO

Surely it is a precious thing to discern and enjoy the beautiful. Taste in art, in selection, in conduct, is the charm that makes for true aristocracy, a gift unspoiled but rather advanced by gentle breeding, a grace in man and adorable in woman; it is something to rest content with, the happier inasmuch as you add to the happi-

The Inspiration of Beauty

ness of others. It is the nimbus of many a household, beautifying the speech and bearing of the members, who, if they are wise, realize that its chief compensation is a more tranquil study and possession of the beautiful than are permitted to those who create it.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN
Century Magazine, October, 1892

The satisfaction of our reason, due to the harmony between our nature and our experience, is partially realized already. The sense of beauty is its realization. When our senses and our imagination find what they crave, when the world so shapes itself or so moulds the mind that the correspondence between them is perfect, then perception is pleasure, and existence needs no apology. The duality which is the condition of conflict disappears. . . . Beauty

The Student's Book of Inspirations

seems to be the clearest manifestation of perfection, and the best evidence of its possibility. If perfection is, as it should be, the ultimate justification of being, we may understand the ground of the moral dignity of beauty. Beauty is a pledge of the possible conformity between the soul and nature, and consequently a ground of faith in the supremacy of the good.

GEORGE SANTAYANA

The Sense of Beauty

We care for perfection in our ideal pursuits, — in art, in literature, in music, — and we admit that we care. We want the greatest possible charm and delight and beauty and excellence and power. Sculpture creates strong-limbed men and noble women and beautiful children, people of power. Architecture works for subtle proportion and fine suitableness, for the

The Inspiration of Beauty

things of excellence. Painting makes permanent the magnificent color and pure line of our dreams of beauty. Literature has for its avowed purpose the production of those perfect art forms and that rich imagery and that genuine emotion which constitute human delight. And, finally, music realizes its high office in speaking most directly and most touchingly to the human spirit. Now, these are not idle words. They are not pretty playthings for the imagination to dwell lightly upon and then pass on to the solemn affairs of trade and business. On the contrary, they represent that more permanent achievement by which the men of a later time judge whether the age has been worthy or unworthy. It is the record of the best that we have thought and done. . . . This wealth is human. It consists of beautiful men and beautiful women and beautiful

The Student's Book of Inspirations

children. The practical concern of life is with human charm and human delight and human beauty and human excellence and human power.

CHARLES HANFORD HENDERSON

Education and the Larger Life

The service of philosophy, of speculative culture, towards the human spirit is to rouse, to startle it into sharp and eager observation. Every moment some form grows perfect in hand or face; some tone on the hills or the sea is choicer than the rest; some mood of passion or insight or intellectual excitement is irresistibly real and attractive for us, — for that moment only. Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself, is the end. A counted number of pulses only is given us of a variegated, dramatic life. How may we see in them all that is to be seen in them by the

The Inspiration of Beauty

finest senses? How shall we pass most swiftly from point to point, and be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy? To burn always with this hard, gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life.

WALTER PATER
The Renaissance

According to me, salvation in this world is the power of using every faculty we have to the full — every available muscle to the highest tension, every ounce of brain to the last drop, every emotion to the piercing and swooning point, every sense to an acuteness so subtle that you are able to feel the hairs on a moth's underwing, separate the tones on a starling's neck, smell like a hare the very breath of the corn, see like a sea-bird, hear

The Student's Book of Inspirations

like a stag. . . . To think to the full, reason and remember, to swell or uplift the heart, to walk and run; to learn to *do* things, make them, use them, delight in them; to be alive in every fibre, and at all times; to be always alert, always awake, always at the top of perfection.

JOHN SENHOUSE TO SANCHIA

IN MAURICE HEWLETT'S

Open Country

Let no one suppose that the exhilarating maxims of Walter Pater and Mr. Hewlett's delightful pagan are quoted here because they are deemed a sufficient guide to life. Sensation is not the whole of life, neither is action, nor imagination. Nevertheless, an existence that is not tremulous to every impression of beauty, at every instant ready to spring at the call of the senses, constantly alert for vivid experience, knowing daily the raptures of imagination and the ardors of love, — such an existence is rightly an object of compassion, because there are joys within its reach which it never knows.

The Inspiration of Beauty

A thing only belongs to us when it is felt as beautiful, necessary and vivid. Therefore our whole evolution can only be to admire as much as possible, to understand as much as possible, to let our feeling have intercourse with as many things as possible.

If we admire, and more intensively than others, we shall ourselves grow richer than those timid ones who content themselves with choice morsels of life instead of grasping life in its entirety, who restrict themselves because they only place themselves in relation with a part of the world and not with the whole cosmos. The more a man admires the more he possesses.

To surrender oneself in love to all things is higher than the curiosity to know everything.

STEPHAN ZWEIG
Emile Verhaeren

The Student's Book of Inspirations

It is to the poetical literature of an age that we must, in general, look for the most perfect, the most adequate interpretation of that age, — for the performance of a work which demands the most energetic and harmonious activity of all the powers of the human mind.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Essays in Criticism, Third Series

The political life of a nation is only the most superficial aspect of its being. In order to know its inner life, the source of its action, one must penetrate to its soul by literature, philosophy and the arts, where are reflected the ideas, the passions, the dreams of a whole people.

ROMAIN ROLLAND

Musiciens d'Autrefois

Poetry has been to me an exceeding great reward; it has soothed my affliction; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it

The Inspiration of Beauty

has endeared my solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the Good and the Beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me,

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

If I had to live my life again I would have made a rule to read some poetry or listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept alive through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature.

CHARLES DARWIN

Autobiography

Or say there's beauty with no soul at all —
(I never saw it — put the case the
same —)

The Student's Book of Inspirations

If you get simple beauty and naught
else,
You get about the best thing God in-
vents:
That's somewhat: and you'll find the soul
you have missed,
Within yourself, when you return him
thanks.

ROBERT BROWNING
Fra Lippo Lippi

Youth's flowers, like childhood's, fade and
are forgot.
Fame twines a tardy crown of yellowing
leaves.
How swift were disillusion, were it not
That thou art steadfast where all else
deceives!
Solace and Inspiration, Power divine,
That by some mystic sympathy of
thine,

The Inspiration of Beauty

When least it waits and most hath need
of thee,
Can startle the dull spirit suddenly
With grandeur welled from unsuspected
springs.

ALAN SEEGER

An Ode to Natural Beauty

Spirit of Beauty, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine
upon
Of human thought or form.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Hymn to Intellectual Beauty

Art's a service, — mark:
A silver key is given to thy clasp,
And thou shalt stand unwearied day by
day,
And fix it in the hard, slow-turning wards

The Student's Book of Inspirations

And open, so, that intermediate door
Betwixt the different planes of sensuous
form

And form insensuous, that inferior men
May learn to feel on still from these to
those,

And bless thy ministration.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Aurora Leigh

Art, music, beautiful nature, poetry and that queer chaos within us of fragmentary and mingled impressions whence all things beautiful arise, into which all things beautiful resolve — all this has in reality but one fault: that it is unequally distributed. . . . One result, let us hope, of our thinking somewhat of matters less pleasant may be, in the long run, in the long-expected future, which yet sometimes comes with a rush, that the less selfish

The Inspiration of Beauty

work of the world will be no longer the mere removal of evil, but also the distribution of good; and of the various sorts of good, one of the best is beauty.

VERNON LEE

Juvenilia

Beauty is the most unforgettable thing in the world, and though of it a few perish, and the myriad dies unknowing and uncaring, beneath it the nations of men move as beneath their pilgrim star. Therefore he who adds to the beauty of the world is of the sons of God.

FIONA MACLEOD (WILLIAM SHARP)

The Winged Destiny

He who has been instructed thus far in the things of love, and who has learned to see the beautiful in due order and succes-

The Student's Book of Inspirations

sion, when he comes toward the end will suddenly perceive a nature of wondrous beauty — and this, Socrates, is that final cause of all our former toils, which in the first place is everlasting — not growing and decaying, or waxing and waning; in the next place not fair in one point and foul in another, . . . but beauty only, absolute, separate, simple, and everlasting, which without diminution and without increase, or any change, is imparted to the ever-growing and perishing beauties of all other things. He who under the influence of true love rising upward from these begins to see that beauty, is not far from the end. And the true order of going or being led by another to the things of love, is to use the beauties of earth as steps along which he mounts upwards for the sake of that other beauty, going from one to two, and from two to all fair forms, and

The Inspiration of Beauty

from fair forms to fair actions, and from fair actions to fair notions, until from fair notions he arrives at the notion of absolute beauty, and at last knows what the essence of beauty is. . . . What if man had eyes to see the true beauty — the divine beauty, I mean, pure and clear and unalloyed, not clogged with the pollutions of mortality, and all the colors and vanities of human life — thither looking, and holding converse with the true beauty divine and simple, and bringing into being and educating true creations of virtue and not idols only? Do you not see that in that communion only, beholding beauty with the eye of the mind, he will be enabled to bring forth, not images of beauty, but realities; for he has hold not of an image but of a reality, and bringing forth and educating true virtue to become the friend of God and be immortal, if mor-

The Student's Book of Inspirations

tal man may. Would that be an ignoble life?

PLATO

The Symposium

Translated by Benjamin Jowett

Before my tale of days is told,
O may I watch on reverent knees,
The Unknown Beauty once unfold
The magic of her mysteries!

Before I die, O may I see,
Clasped in her violet girdle, Spring,
May April breezes blow to me
Songs that the youngest poets sing!

I wait till, down the eastern sky,
Muses, like Mænads in a throng,
Sweep my decayed traditions by,
In startling tones of unknown song.

The Inspiration of Beauty

Howe'er it be, I will not quail
To tell the lapse of years like sand;
My faith in beauty shall not fail
Because I fail to understand.

So, to my days' extremity,
May I, in patience infinite,
Attend the beauty that must be,
And, though it slay me, welcome it.

EDMUND GOSSE

Epilogue

The Inspiration of Comradeship

The Inspiration of Comradeship

The friendship of youth! As the ancients used to offer a lock of hair upon the altars of the gods, so would I offer in its homage the best I have. . . . The time of good and warm friendships for each of us is the time of youth. . . . We must have comrades to lead a life in common, to rub off our corners against theirs, as we polish flints by shaking them together in a bag. We must have comrades again to pursue the same aims, to develop *esprit de corps* and solidarity, to sing and laugh with us; but among this troop of good companions it is essential that we should cultivate relations more intimate still, that we should have friends. . . . To whom shall we tell all our thoughts? Who better than a friend of our own age, exposed to like

The Student's Book of Inspirations

difficulties, can understand us, hear our questions, and answer our objections? If I were offered in exchange the most delightful of intellectual enjoyments, I should not hesitate an instant to refuse them for that friendly discussion of all sorts of things where two fresh minds, curious as to everything, give themselves up to the delights of discovery, while tasting those of affection.

CHARLES WAGNER

Youth

Friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections from storm and tempests, but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is, that whosoever

The Inspiration of Comradeship

hath his mind fraught with pleasant thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up in the communicating and discoursing with another; he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshal-leth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation.

FRANCIS BACON
Of Friendship

Our intellectual and active powers increase with our affections. . . . From the highest degree of passionate love, to the lowest degree of good-will, they make the sweetness of life. . . . What is so pleasant as these jets of affection which make a young world for me again? What so delicious as a just and firm encounter of two

The Student's Book of Inspirations

in a thought, in a feeling? How beautiful,
on their approach to this beating heart, the
steps and forms of the gifted and the true!

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Friendship

A knowledge that another has felt as we
have felt, and seen things not much other-
wise than we have seen them, will con-
tinue to the end to be one of life's choicest
blessings.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Roads

Beloved, let us work so well
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work,
And both commended, for the sake of each,
By all true workers and true lovers born.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Aurora Leigh

The Inspiration of Comradeship

The greatest of all pleasures is to give pleasure to one we love.

DUKE DE BOUFFLERS

What a blessing is a friend with a breast so trusty that thou mayest safely bury all thy secrets in it, whose conscience thou mayest fear less than thine own, who can relieve thy cares by his conversation, thy doubts by his counsels, thy sadness by his good humor, and whose very look gives comfort to thee.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

When to the sessions of sweet silent
thought

I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought
And with old woes new wail my dear time's
waste,

The Student's Book of Inspirations

Then can I drown an eye unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's date-
less night,
And weep afresh love's long-since can-
cell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a van-
ish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear
friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

SHAKESPEARE

Sonnet xxx

We are all travelers in what John Bunyan calls the wilderness of this world, and the best that we find in our travels is an honest friend. He is a fortunate voyager who

The Inspiration of Comradeship

finds many. We travel indeed to find them. They are the end and the reward of life. They keep us worthy of ourselves; and when we are alone, we are only nearer to the absent.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Travels with a Donkey

“What is the secret of your life?” asked Mrs. Browning of Charles Kingsley; “tell me, that I may make mine beautiful too.”

He replied, “I had a friend.”

From A Little Book of Friendly Wishes

Published by the W. A. Wilde Co., Boston

You to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever —
And it well may be for a day and a night,
And it well may be forever.
But whether we meet or whether we part
(For our ways are past our knowing),

The Student's Book of Inspirations

A pledge from the heart to its fellow heart

On the ways we all are going!

Here's luck!

For we know not where we are going.

* * * *

You to the left and I to the right,

For the ways of men must sever,

And it well may be for a day and a night,

And it well may be forever.

But whether we live or whether we die

(For the end is past our knowing),

Here's two frank hearts and the open sky,

Be a fair or an ill wind blowing!

Here's luck!

In the teeth of all winds blowing.

RICHARD HOVEY

At the Crossroads

Comradeship is not alone with those whose faces we see and whose voices we hear. Outside our apparent circle is a great company to whom we are joined by the sympathy of com-

The Inspiration of Comradeship

mon needs and aspirations. Among these fellow toilers are some we know by name; — they are the brave and wise who have sustained us by the example of their deeds, or by their potent words of counsel and inspiration. Towards these we feel more than respect or even gratitude — we are conscious of a personal affection not less than that we grant to those at our side who cheer us with daily love and service. Hence the noble expression by Matthew Arnold of the brotherly communion between all who follow the same standard of truth is properly included in this section.

Through thee I believe
In the noble and great who are gone;
Pure souls honor'd and blest
By former ages, who else
Seemed but a dream of the heart,
Seemed but a cry of desire.

* * * *

Ye, like angels, appear,
Radiant with ardor divine.
Beacons of hope, ye appear!

The Student's Book of Inspirations

Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.
Ye alight in our van! At your voice,
Panic, despair, flee away.
Ye move through the ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
Praise, re-inspire the brave.
Order, courage, return;
Eyes re-kindling, and prayers,
Follow your steps as ye go.
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the City of God.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Rugby Chapel

In memory of Thomas Arnold

The Inspiration of the Task

The Inspiration of the Task

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens, through
Thee, are fresh and strong.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Ode to Duty

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Voluntaries

The Student's Book of Inspirations

To infuse

Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
While the whole world seems adverse to
desert.

And oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she
may,

Through long-lived pressure of obscure
distress,

Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
And in the soul admit of no decay,

Brook no continuance of weak-minded-
ness —

Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Sonnet to B. R. Haydon

Difficulties exist to be surmounted. The great heart will no more complain of the obstructions that make success hard, than of the iron walls of the gun which hinder the shot from scattering. It was walled

The Inspiration of the Task

round with iron tube with that purpose,
to give it irresistible force in one direction.
A strenuous soul hates cheap successes.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Progress of Culture

The heights by great men reached and
kept

Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

The Ladder of St. Augustine

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides.
But tasks in hours of insight will'd
Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Morality

The Student's Book of Inspirations

In sickness and barrenness it is encouraging to believe that our life is dammed, and is coming to a head, so that there seems to be no loss, for what is lost in time is gained in power. All at once, unaccountably, as we are walking in the woods, or sitting in our chamber after a worthless fortnight, we cease to feel mean and barren.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

Autumn

Of all work that produces results nine-tenths must be drudgery. There is no work from the highest to the lowest, which can be done well by anyone who is unwilling to make that sacrifice. Part of the nobility of the devotion of the true workman to his work consists in the fact that a man is not daunted by finding that drudgery must be done; and no one can really succeed in any walk of life without

The Inspiration of the Task

a good deal of what in ordinary English is called pluck. That is the condition of all work whatever, and it is the condition of all success. And there is nothing which so truly repays itself as this very perseverance against weariness.

BISHOP OF EXETER

Quoted by PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON
in *The Intellectual Life*

To our problem of personality the world has found five answers: the Epicurean, the Stoic, the Platonic, the Aristotelian, and the Christian. These five answers in brief are as follows.

The Epicurean says: "Take into your life as many simple, natural pleasures as possible." The Stoic says: "Keep out of your mind all causes of anxiety and grief." The Platonist says: "Lift up your soul above the dust and drudgery of daily life,

The Student's Book of Inspirations

into the pure air of the perfect and the good." The Aristotelian says: "Organize your life by clear conception of the end for which you are living, seek diligently all means that further this end, and rigidly exclude all that would hinder it or distract you from it." The Christian says: "Enlarge your spirit to include the interest and aims of all persons whom your life in any way affects."

Any man or woman of average hereditary gifts, and ordinary scholarship and training, who puts these five principles in practice, will be a popular, effective, happy, and successful teacher.

WILLIAM DEWITT HYDE

The College Man and the College Woman

This admirable summary is cited because it is as applicable to a student as to a teacher. The Epicurean gospel teaches the duty of obedience to all the laws of health, exercise, recreation, sport, and daily, carefree compan-

The Inspiration of the Task

ionship with nature. The second maxim commands the conquest of all those frets and worries and broodings that weaken the spirit and turn the mind from its real purpose. The third reminds us of the spiritual joy and refreshment found in the search for beauty in nature, art, poetry, religious aspiration, every influence that helps us to live, as Wordsworth says we must do, "by admiration, hope and love." The fourth bids us use our powers of reason for the attainment of our direct practical ends, eliminating waste, seeing clearly what we have to do, avoiding any inclination towards the sentimental, visionary and romantic, keeping all our faculties under the rigid control of the will. The Christian ideal is, of course, not fully expressed by President Hyde, but his maxim reproves all selfishness of aim, declares that no man liveth to himself, and implies that the enthusiasm that is worthy of a man is the enthusiasm for service, the promotion of the common welfare.

That which has ever human interest is the endeavor and the aim. The true human

The Student's Book of Inspirations

story is not a story of what has been done on earth, but rather what man has set before him to desire and has striven to reach; not the story of the veiling deed, but the story of the yearning life, which never can expand to quite the form it would.

HENRY OSBORN TAYLOR

Ancient Ideals

The Future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow;
We press still thorow,
Naught that abides in it
Daunting us, — onward!

And solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark Portal,
Goal of all mortal; —
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent.

The Inspiration of the Task

While earnest thou gazest
Comes boding of terror,
Comes phantasm and error,
Perplexes the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the voices,
Heard are the Sages,
The Worlds and the Ages:
“Choose well; your choice is
Brief and yet endless.

“Here eyes do regard you,
In Eternity’s stillness:
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you;
Work, and despair not.”

GOETHE

Translated by THOMAS CARLYLE

Firm must be the will, patient the heart,
passionate the aspiration, to secure the

The Student's Book of Inspirations

fulfilment of some high and lonely purpose, when revery spreads always its beds of roses on the one side, and practical work summons to its treadmill on the other.

* * * *

Renan has said that every man's work is superficial until he has learned to content himself with the approbation of a few. This is only one half the truth, but it is the half which Americans find hardest to remember.

* * * *

War or peace, fame or forgetfulness, can bring no real injury to one who has formed the fixed purpose to live nobly day by day.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

Atlantic Essays

Much drawback! what were earth without?

Is this our ultimate stage, or starting-place

The Inspiration of the Task

To try man's foot, if it will creep or
climb,
'Mid obstacles in seeming, points that
prove
Advantage for who vaults from low to
high,
And makes the stumbling-block a step-
ping-stone.

ROBERT BROWNING

The Ring and the Book: The Pope

Have the past struggles succeeded?

What has succeeded? yourself? your
nation? Nature?

Now understand me well — it is pro-
vided in the essence of things that from
any fruition of success, no matter what,
shall come forth something to make a
greater struggle necessary.

WALT WHITMAN

Leaves of Grass

The Student's Book of Inspirations

Was the trial sore?

Temptation sharp? Thank God a second
time!

Why comes temptation but for man to
meet

And master, and make crouch beneath his
foot,

And so be pedestalled in triumph? Pray

“Lead us into no such temptations,
Lord!”

Yea, but, O Thou whose servants are the
bold,

Lead such temptations by the head and
hair,

Reluctant dragons, up to who dares fight,
That so he may do battle and have praise.

ROBERT BROWNING

The Ring and the Book: The Pope

Then welcome each rebuff

That turns earth's smoothness rough,

The Inspiration of the Task

Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but
go!

Be our joys three-parts pain!

Strive, and hold cheap the strain;

Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never
grudge the throe.

ROBERT BROWNING

Rabbi Ben Ezra

No man is going to worry much over what he is losing or about to lose (even though life itself is at stake) if his soul is centered on getting some great thing done. Nobody is troubled over parting with his money if in exchange he is getting something that he wants more than dollars. Exactly so, any kind of spiritual or material sacrifice counts for naught to the typical human if something big, fine and enduring is to be obtained thereby.

The Continent, Chicago

The Student's Book of Inspirations

To walk staunchly by the best light one has, to be strict and sincere with oneself, not to be of the number of those who say and do not, to be earnest, — this is the discipline by which alone man is enabled to rescue his life from thralldom to the passing moment and to his bodily senses, to ennoble it and to make it eternal.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Preface to *Culture and Anarchy*

Moderate tasks and moderate leisure,
Quiet living, strict-kept measure
Both in suffering and in pleasure —
'T is for this thy nature yearns.

But so many books thou readest,
But so many schemes thou breedest,
But so many wishes feedest,
That thy poor head almost turns.

* * * *

The Inspiration of the Task

So it *must* be! yet while leading
A strain'd life, while overfeeding,
Like the rest, his wit with reading,
No small profit that man earns,

Who through all he meets can steer him,
Can reject what cannot clear him,
Cling to what can truly cheer him;
Who each day more surely learns

That an impulse, from the distance
Of his deepest, best existence,
To the words, "Hope, Light, Persistence,"
Strongly sets and truly burns.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

The Second Best

The man who shall be born, whose advent
men and events prepare and foreshow, . . .
shall not take counsel of flesh and blood,
but shall rely on the Law alive and beauti-

The Student's Book of Inspirations

ful, which works over our heads and under our feet. Pitiless, it avails itself of our success when we obey it, and of our ruin when we contravene it. Men are all secret believers in it, else the word "justice" would have no meaning: they believe that the best is the true; that right is done at last, or chaos would come. It rewards actions after their nature and not after the desire of the agent. "Work," it saith to man, "in every hour, paid or unpaid, see only that thou work, and thou canst not escape the reward. Whether thy work be fine or coarse, planting corn or writing epics, so only it be honest work, done to thine own approbation, it shall earn a reward to the senses as well as to the thought: no matter how often defeated you are born to victory."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

New England Reformers.

The Inspiration of the Task

One, indeed, I knew,
In many a subtle question versed,
Who touched a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true;

Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them; thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own,
And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone.

ALFRED TENNYSON
In Memoriam A. H. H.

The Student's Book of Inspirations

To the most sincere and courageous there will come moments of depression and discouragement, times of weariness and exhaustion. In such moments our limitations, the sameness of our methods, the recurrence of certain dominant ideas, the inability to get away from what seems to be a stationary point of view, are so hard to endure that we are forced to decisive dealing with them; either we must succumb to the despair which envelops us like a cloud, or we must resolutely transform a painful experience into a source of strength and growth. . . . The pain of limitation is the common trial of all who know themselves and are honest with themselves. Its root is not in permanence of imperfection, narrowness of range, and lasting rigidity of faculty; it is rather in the consciousness of great power inadequately developed, of superabundant en-

The Inspiration of the Task

ergy not fully put forth. . . . In the pain of conscious limitation lies the prophecy of continuous growth, the hope of that consummation for which all aspiration and sacrifice and endeavor are a divinely ordered preparation.

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

The Life of the Spirit

The Inspiration of Growth

The Inspiration of Growth

There is no other joy in life like mental and bodily activity, like keeping up a live interest in the world of thought and things. . . . The vital currents, like mountain streams, tend to rejuvenate themselves as they flow. One reaps his harvest, and it looks as if his acres would never yield another, but lo! as the seasons return, there springs a fresh crop of ideas and observations. It seems as if one never could get to the end of all the delightful things there are to know, and to observe, and to speculate about in the world.

* * * *

A better world I have never wanted. I could not begin to exhaust the knowledge and delights of this one. I have found in

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it deep beneath deep, worlds within a world — an endless series of beautiful and wonderful forms forever flowing out of itself.

* * * *

In every man's life we may read some lesson. What may be read in mine? If I see myself correctly it is this: that one may have a happy and not altogether useless life on cheap and easy terms; that the essential things are always near at hand; that one's own door opens upon the wealth of heaven and earth; and that all things are ready to serve and cheer one. Life is a struggle, but not a warfare; it is a day's labor, but labor on God's earth, under the sun and stars with other laborers, where we may think and sing and rejoice as we work.

JOHN BURROUGHS

The Summit of the Years

The Inspiration of Growth

Build thee more stately mansions, O my
soul,

As the swift seasons roll!

Leave thy low-vaulted past!

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,

Shut thee from heaven with a dome more
vast,

Till thou at length art free,

Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's un-
resting sea!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

The Chambered Nautilus

The real animating power of knowledge is only in the moment of its being first received, when it fills us with wonder and joy; a joy for which, observe, the previous ignorance is just as necessary as the present knowledge. That man is always happy who is in the presence of something which he cannot know to the full, which he is

The Student's Book of Inspirations

always going on to know. This is the necessary condition of a finite creature with divinely rooted and divinely directed intelligence; this, therefore, its happy state, — but, observe, a state, not of triumph or joy in what it knows, but of joy rather in the continual discovery of new ignorance, continual self-abasement, continual astonishment. . . .

The whole difference between a man of genius and other men, it has been said a thousand times and most truly, is that the first remains in great part a child, seeing with the large eyes of children, in perpetual wonder, not conscious of much knowledge, — conscious, rather, of infinite ignorance, and yet infinite power; a fountain of eternal admiration, delight, and creative force within him meeting the ocean of visible and governable things around him.

The Inspiration of Growth

That is what we have to make men so far as we may. All are to be men of genius in their degree, — rivulets or rivers, it does not matter, so that their souls be clear and pure; not dead walls encompassing dead heaps of things known and numbered, but running waters in the sweet wilderness of things unnumbered and unknown, conscious only of the living banks, on which they partly refresh and partly reflect the flowers, and so pass on.

JOHN RUSKIN

Those who live to the future must always seem selfish to those who live to the present.

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string.

People wish to be settled: only so far as they are unsettled is there any hope for them.

The Student's Book of Inspirations

Nothing great is ever achieved without enthusiasm.

Truly it demands something godlike in him who has cast off the common motives of humanity, and has ventured to trust himself for a taskmaster. High be his heart, faithful his will, clear his sight, that he may in good earnest be doctrine, society, law, to himself, that a simple purpose may be to him as strong as iron necessity is to others!

From the *Essays* of EMERSON

It is one of the characteristics of true culture that it not only adds steadily to one's knowledge, but as steadily develops the capacity for acquiring knowledge, and the instinct for discovering in every person, relation, event, and experience something of permanent value as a means of enrichment. And this process goes on until the

The Inspiration of Growth

great stream of life, as it sweeps past and eddies about the individual mind, becomes a true Pactolian river, bringing its wealth from a thousand sources, and draining a world-wide experience for the enlargement of each open soul. When a man has established such a relation with the order which surrounds him that every contact with that order disciplines, informs, and broadens him, he has come into harmony with the purpose which that order is working out, and has raised himself above the changes of external fortune and the happenings of the material life.

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

Nature and Culture

Nothing we ever do is, in strict scientific literalness, wiped out. As we become permanent drunkards by so many separate drinks, so we become saints in the moral,

The Student's Book of Inspirations

and authorities and experts in the practical and scientific spheres, by so many separate acts and hours of work. Let no youth have any anxiety about the upshot of his education, whatever the line of it may be. If he keep faithfully busy each hour of the working day, he may safely leave the final result to itself. He may with perfect certainty count on waking up some fine morning to find himself one of the competent ones of his generation, in whatever pursuit he may have singled out. Silently, between all the details of his business, the power of judging in all that class of matter will have built itself up within him as a possession that will not pass away.

WILLIAM JAMES

Principles of Psychology

The famous Bollandist father, Daniel Papebroch, seventeenth century, wrote a

The Inspiration of Growth

treatise on mediæval charters. A reply was made by Mabillon, which demolished and superseded Papebroch's work. After reading this Papebroch wrote to Mabillon as follows:

“I avow to you that I have no other satisfaction in having written upon the subject than that of having given occasion for the writing of a treatise so masterly. It is true that I felt at first some pain in reading your book, where I saw myself refuted in so unanswerable a manner; but finally the utility and the beauty of so precious a work soon overcame my weakness, and, full of joy at seeing the truth in its clearest light, I invited my companion to come and share the admiration with which I felt myself filled. Therefore, have no hesitation, whenever occasion shall arise, in saying publicly that I have come over completely to your way of thinking.

The Student's Book of Inspirations

I beg for your affection. I am not a man of learning, but one who desires to learn.”

From a Phi Beta Kappa oration on *The Age of Erudition*, by J. FRANKLIN JAMESON, in *Representative Phi Beta Kappa Orations*, edited by Northup, Lane, and Schwab.

The very life-blood of all true faith is the power of giving up what, in our best, our most honest moments, we know to be no longer true. It is the readiness to replace the less perfect, however dear, however sacred it may have been to us, by the more perfect, however much it may be detested by the world. This is the true self-sacrifice, the truest trust in truth, the truest faith.

MAX MÜLLER

God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please — you can never have both. Between these, as a pendulum, man oscil-

The Inspiration of Growth

lates. He in whom the love of repose predominates will accept the first creed, the first philosophy, the first political party he meets, — most likely his father's. He gets rest, commodity, and reputation; but he shuts the door of truth. He in whom the love of truth predominates will keep himself aloof from all moorings and float. He will abstain from dogmatism, and recognize all the opposite negations between which, as walls, his being is swung. He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinion, but he is a candidate for truth, as the other is not, and respects the highest law of his being.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Intellect

Each man should learn what is within him, that he may strive to mend; he must

The Student's Book of Inspirations

be taught what is without him, that he may be kind to others. It can never be wrong to tell him the truth; for in his disputable state, weaving as he goes his theory of life, steering himself, cheering or reproving others, all facts are of the first importance to his conduct; and even if a fact shall discourage or corrupt him, it is still best that he should know it; for it is in this world as it is, and not in a world made easy by educational suppressions, that he must win his way to shame or glory.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The Morality of the Profession of Letters

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. Speak what you think now in hard

The Inspiration of Growth

words, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day. — “Ah, so you shall be sure to be misunderstood?” — Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Self-Reliance

Whoever hesitates to utter that which he thinks the highest truth lest it should be too much in advance of the time, may reassure himself by looking at his acts from an impersonal point of view. Let him duly realize the fact that opinion is the agency through which character

The Student's Book of Inspirations

adapts external arrangements to itself — that his opinion rightly forms part of this agency — is a unit of force, constituting, with other such units, the general power which works out social changes; and he will perceive that he may properly give full utterance to his innermost conviction, leaving it to produce what effect it may. It is not for nothing that he has in him these sympathies with some principles and repugnance to others. He, with all his capacities, and aspirations, and beliefs, is not an accident, but a product of the time. He must remember that while he is a descendant of the past, he is a parent of the future; and that his thoughts are as children born to him, which he may not carelessly let die. He, like every other man, may properly consider himself as one of the myriad agencies through whom works the Unknown Cause; and when the Un-

The Inspiration of Growth

known Cause produces in him a certain belief, he is thereby authorized to profess and act out that belief. Not as adventitious therefore will the wise man regard the faith which is in him. The highest truth he sees he will fearlessly utter; knowing that, let what may come of it, he is thus playing his right part in the world.

HERBERT SPENCER

First Principles

This heroic counsel may be fearlessly adopted by the immature student as well as by the man experienced in thought and affairs. To the former, however, it more especially applies to the open-minded acceptance of ideas than to the expression of opinion. Positiveness in proclaiming hastily acquired views is one of the most common weaknesses of youth, for, unreasonable though it seems, dogmatism always exists in inverse proportion to knowledge. A growing mind will always be ready to show favor to new ideas just because they are new,

The Student's Book of Inspirations

while at the same time cautious in accepting them. According to the apostle's injunction we are not only to "hold fast that which is good," but to "prove all things." Affirm your beliefs, but make it your habit constantly to test the grounds of your belief. There is no better rule of life than that. And when you give your opinions always be ready with good reasons for them.

Supplementing this is a principle that has been nobly expressed by Maeterlinck, who holds that the spirit with which we search for truth is of more import than our conclusions. It is better for us to be honestly wrong in our beliefs than dishonestly right. This is parallel to the assertion of Huxley, that "the scientific spirit is of more value than its products." "To look fearlessly upon life," says Maeterlinck; "to accept the laws of nature, not with meek resignation, but as her sons who dare to search and question; to have peace and confidence within our soul—these are the beliefs that make for happiness. But to believe is not enough; all depends on how we believe." My disbelief, he continues, may be the product of

The Inspiration of Growth

a deeply reverent spirit, "with the infinite throbbing within me; your belief may be mean and petty and small." "I shall be happier than you, and calmer, if my doubt is greater, and nobler, and more earnest than is your faith; if it has probed more deeply into my soul, traversed wider horizons, if there are more things it has loved. For, indeed, belief and unbelief are mere empty words; not so the loyalty, the greatness and profoundness of the reasons wherefore we believe or do not believe."

Professor Butcher points out what the ideal of Greek culture was. It was the equal and harmonious development of the human mind. "Wealth of thought, not wealth of learning, was the thing they coveted." "Extensive reading, the acquisition of facts, the storing of them in memory," all this, unless it is accompanied by "enlargement of mind," unless it "fits men for the exercise of thought," unless it leads on to "mental completeness

The Student's Book of Inspirations

and grasp," is material wasted. It was the study of the Greek to see all things in their relation to other things and in their relation to life; and to do this, that even and complete development of all his faculties was necessary which was the aim of his whole training and education.

When to this day we use the words *classic* and *classical*, it is this system we have in mind. We do not imply necessarily a special and particular knowledge, but a capacity for seeing a thing in its relation to other things and to life. We imply that "enlargement of mind," that "mental completeness" which is capable of a wide survey, and also we imply the manner that corresponds, the moderation, calmness and lucidity which are the characteristics of the classic style.

LISLE MARCH PHILLIPPS
Art and Environment

The Inspiration of Growth

The Renaissance is the greatest extant testimony to the truth that far more happiness is derived from the activity of the mind itself than from any fruits which that activity may yield.

LISLE MARCH PHILLIPPS

Art and Environment

William Ewart Gladstone, in his Oxford address of October, 1892, protested against that theory of education "which would have it to construct machines of so many horse power, rather than to form characters, to rear into true excellence that marvelous creature we call man, — which gloats upon success in life, instead of studying to secure that the man shall always be greater than his work and never bounded by it, but that his eye shall boldly run, in the words of Wordsworth,

‘Along the line of limitless desires.’”

The Student's Book of Inspirations

To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end, of what we want and not of what we have. An inspiration is a joy forever, a possession as solid as a landed estate, a fortune which we can never exhaust and which gives us year by year a revenue of pleasurable activity. To have many of these is to be spiritually rich.

* * * *

To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

El Dorado

We are adventurers who come
Before the merchants and the priests;
Our only legacy from home,
A wisdom older than the East's.

* * * *

The Inspiration of Growth

Out of a greater town than Tyre
We march to conquer and control
The golden hill-lands of Desire,
The Nicaraguas of the soul.

We have cast in our lot with Truth;
We will not flinch nor stay the hand,
Till on the last skyline of youth
We look down on his fair new land.

We put from port without a fear,
For Freedom on this Spanish Main;
And the great wind that bore us here
Will drive our galleys home again.

If not we can lie down and die,
Content to perish with our peers,
So one more rood we gained thereby
For Love's Dominion through the years.

BLISS CARMAN AND RICHARD HOVEY

The Adventurers

From Last Songs from Vagabondia

The Larger Vision

The Larger Vision

Matthew Arnold's famous tribute to Oxford, in the Preface to the first volume of Essays in Criticism, is quoted because it suggests with incomparable charm the joy and peace of mind that naturally accompany a life devoted to the service of truth and beauty.

Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene!

“There are our young barbarians, all at play!” And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection, — to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from an-

The Student's Book of Inspirations

other side? — nearer, perhaps, than all the science of Tübingen. Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic! who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties! what example could ever so inspire us to keep down the Philistine in ourselves, what teacher could ever so save us from that bondage to which we are all prone, that bondage which Goethe, in his incomparable lines on the death of Schiller, makes it his friend's highest praise (and nobly did Schiller deserve the praise) to have left miles out of sight behind him; — the bondage of “was uns alle bändigt, das Gemeine!” She will forgive me, even if I have unwittingly drawn upon her a shot or two aimed at her unworthy son; for

The Larger Vision

she is generous, and the cause in which I fight is, after all, hers. Apparitions of a day, what is our puny warfare against the Philistines, compared with the warfare which this queen of romance has been waging against them for centuries, and will wage after we are gone?

We are haunted always by the spectre of our buried life. A great experience — a sorrow, a love, perhaps the thrill of beauty, or the stir of a big cause — reveals us to ourselves again. Then the hidden Self shines forth, and for the time, in our exalted mood, we walk the earth with the tread of the Gods.

In these moments our deeds are noble, our speech is fine, our thoughts are lofty, our vision is clear, we are better than our best, we are aware of limitless strength; we are our Selves, — we really *live*.

The Student's Book of Inspirations

Alas, that these moods and these moments are so rare! Alas, that it needs catastrophe or the unusual to lift us to the mount of vision, whence we may see and know and call to action our usually buried self!

Let us aspire to make self-knowledge and respect for our real selves habitual, so that the indwelling Soul — instead of being buried by business and custom and all the artifice of life — may the more easily and freely and continuously body itself forth in wisdom, in power, and in beauty.

CHARLES FLEISCHER
American Aspirations

I do not know that knowledge amounts to anything more definite than a novel and grand surprise, or a sudden revelation of the insufficiency of all that we had

The Larger Vision

called knowledge before; an indefinite sense of the grandeur and glory of the universe.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU
Early Spring in Massachusetts

In the hands of each of us is the making of our morrow in the image of our heart's desires. It is in the power of each generation to fashion the endless to-morrows of Man according to the dreams of the forward-lookers of the human race.

Then let us face the future with high hopes and with stout hearts. Always let us dare to dream, — and be as brave to try that which the beauty of the dream dares us do.

Knowing ourselves capable of great things, and knowing that capacity grows with achievement, let us aspire and act and attain — in rising, broadening spiral

The Student's Book of Inspirations
of far-visioned dreams and masterful
deeds — as befits the wise children of the
eternal past and the creators of the infi-
nite future.

CHARLES FLEISCHER
American Aspirations

Three great spirits with the spirit of man
Go forth to do his bidding.

* * * *

Unfettered, swift, hawk-eyed, implacable,
The wonder-worker, Science, with his
wand,

Subdues an alien world to man's desires.
And Art, with wide imaginative wings,
Stands by, alert for flight, to bear his lord
Into the strange land of that alien world,
Till he shall live in it as in himself,
And know its longing as he knows his own.
Behind a little, where the shadows fall,
Lingers Religion with deep-brooding eyes,

The Larger Vision

Serene, impenetrable, transpicuous,
As is the all-clear and all-mysterious sky,
Biding her time to fuse into one act
Those other twain, man's right hand and
his left.

For all the bonds shall be broken and rent
in sunder,

And the soul of man go free

Forth with those three

Into the lands of wonder;

Like some undaunted youth,

Afield in quest of truth,

Rejoicing in the road he journeys on

As much as in the hope of journey done.

And the road runs east and the road runs
west,

That his vagrant feet explore;

And he knows no haste and he knows no
rest,

And every mile has a stranger zest

Than the miles he trod before;

The Student's Book of Inspirations

And his heart beats high in the nascent
year

When he sees the purple buds appear:
For he knows, though the great black
frost may blight

The hope of May in a single night,
That the spring, though it shrink back
under the bark,

But bides its time somewhere in the
dark.

Though it come not now to its blossom-
ing,

By the thrill in his heart he knows the
spring;

And the promise it makes perchance too
soon,

It shall keep with its roses yet in June;
For the ages fret not over a day,
And the greater to-morrow is on its way.

RICHARD HOVEY
Spring

The Larger Vision

A man is free in proportion to his Courage, Skill, and Love. These are the Lords of Destiny.

To choose one's own path and to abide by the decision, to follow an inner light, to resist the world's threat and fashion — this is to gain independence. It is the achievement of simple courage.

To study and observe, to make use of the accumulated experience of mankind, to become inventive and skilful in all good works, this is to gain mastery over natural forces.

To give one's self to others, to rejoice in the good that one does not seek to monopolize, to follow life lovingly through all its bewildering changes, to rejoice in all its variety and richness — this is to be free indeed. It is through love to lay hold on eternal life.

SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS
Three Lords of Destiny

The Student's Book of Inspirations

The fate of each man is bound up with the destinies of his fellows. As they suffer, he suffers; as they flourish, he flourishes; as they live hereafter, he lives hereafter. To live with them and for them, to work with them and for them, to die with them and for them, — this is all that man can know of duty, it is all he can desire for happiness and peace.

Thus let each live in zeal and in joy — clearing from life all doubt, inaction and gloom, seeing ever more clearly the solid foundation of his faith, the proved truth of human life — feeling ever more deeply that duty and happiness can meet only in this — *To live for others* — yet acknowledging ever more devoutly the sublimity which overrules us — loving ever more ardently the boundless goodness of human nature, its perpetual grace and truth and beauty, and in it seeing the spirit of its

The Larger Vision

Maker. And so too more and more grateful for each daily blessing, for the gifts of dead and living servants of man and of God; more and more reverencing the sacred names of family and friends, parents and home. Thus at last the Soul within and the Activity without may join in one harmony and one work, devoted only to return by affection and by sacrifice some infinitesimal fraction of that life-long service which each of us, from birth to death, receives from each and all.

Thus may each live happy and active; accepting every task and any lot with humble cheerfulness and wise content,—not mindful of terrors, external happiness, success — conscious only of a part in the great destiny of man.

FREDERIC HARRISON

The Creed of a Layman

The Student's Book of Inspirations

Culture is properly described not as having its origin in curiosity, but as having its origin in the love of perfection; it is *a study of perfection*. It moves by the force, not merely or primarily of the scientific passion for pure knowledge, but also of the moral and social passion for doing good. . . .

Perfection, as culture conceives it, is not possible while the individual remains isolated. The individual is required, under pain of being stunted and enfeebled in his own development if he disobeys, to carry others along with him in his march towards perfection, to be continually doing all he can to enlarge and increase the volume of the human stream sweeping thitherward.

* * * *

The men of culture are the true apostles of equality. The great men of culture are

The Larger Vision

those who have had a passion for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other, the best knowledge, the best ideas of their time; who have labored to divest knowledge of all that was harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive; to humanize it, to make it efficient outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, yet still remaining the *best* knowledge and thought of the time, and a true source, therefore, of sweetness and light.... Docile echoes of the eternal voice, pliant organs of the infinite will, such workers are going along with the essential movement of the world; and this is their strength, and their happy and divine fortune.

MATTHEW ARNOLD
Culture and Anarchy

The Student's Book of Inspirations

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence:

live

In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night
like stars,

And with their mild persistence urge man's
search

To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:

To make undying music in the world,
Breathing a beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of
man.

* * * *

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more
glorious

The Larger Vision

For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty —
Be the sweet presence of a good dif-
fused,

And in diffusion ever more intense.

So may I join the choir invisible

Whose music is the gladness of the world.

GEORGE ELIOT

The Legend of Jubal and other Poems

Not mankind only, but all that mankind
does or beholds, is in continuous growth,
re-genesis, and self-perfecting activity.
Cast forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-
living, ever-working Universe; it is seed-
grain that cannot die.

THOMAS CARLYLE

Sartor Resartus

The Student's Book of Inspirations

Still glides the Stream, and shall forever
glide;

The Form remains, the Function never
dies;

While we, the brave, the mighty, and the
wise,

We Men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish; — be it so!

Enough, if something from our hands
have power

To live, and act, and serve the future
hour;

And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's
transcendent dower

We feel that we are greater than we know.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The River Duddon. A Series of Sonnets. No. xxxiv

*The last three quotations seem to me to express
the noblest aspiration that the heart can enter-
tain. There is, to my mind, no thought more*

The Larger Vision

consoling, no conviction more sure, than that every act of ours, however slight, every influence exerted, however feeble, can never perish. Not only does every deed or feeling enter into the substance of our character and make us different in some degree from what we were before, but it also alters our environment. It enters as a tributary into the sum total of thought, emotion and volition which is the mind of the race. As science demonstrates the permanence of matter and the persistence of force in the sensible universe, so by an inevitable corollary we assume the persistence of spiritual force. Not only is our opinion, as Herbert Spencer reminds us, "a unit of power, constituting, with other such units, the general power which works out social changes," but every act, though diffusing itself and lost to sight, merely changes its form and its medium and goes on working undiminished.

We cling to the belief in an eternal continuance of personal consciousness; we long for final evidence and struggle against doubt. But right at hand is a truth that admits no question, and to a right-minded man or woman it

The Student's Book of Inspirations

affords the strongest of incentives to self-culture and devotion to human service. That no effort is ever lost, — what conviction can impress upon a student a more solemn sense of responsibility, and at the same time inspire him with a more joyous enthusiasm! For it reveals to him that both he and his work are of eternal value. He sees himself a copartner with all the doers and thinkers, the heroes and saints and sages, of time past and time to come. His daily duty is a part of the divine order, needed to make the whole complete. There is, therefore, no such thing as failure in any task if honestly performed. "He that has meant good work has done good work," for his pure desire has strengthened him for the next effort, there is a little more pushing power added to his influence, and his increment of energy can never be extinguished.

The craving for continued existence is really noble only when inspired by a longing for growth towards perfection; but in the thought of the permanence of every contribution we make to human enlightenment and progress we have an assurance so positive, that in the

The Larger Vision

brightness of it we may look with comparative indifference upon many of the dreams we have been taught to cherish. Influence is immortal. No man's work is wasted. The future life is the outflow of the life we live to-day. Each moment is prophetic. Here is a truth that illuminates our past, and gives to the daily task a confidence that multiplies its power.

The religious form of the future will approach that of primitive Christianity; it will be a living temple of brothers united by the same love. . . . Our pressing duty to-day is to overstep the walls of separation, and to grasp hands above their dividing lines. To refind humanity, to become again men, — if this be the watchword in the field of education, of politics, of society, how much more ought we to remember it in the field of religion, the largest of them all. . . . May youth understand this! Through humanity pure and

The Student's Book of Inspirations

simple, they will find that contact with eternal realities which lifts man from the dust; and the same prayer will rise from all hearts: Our Father who art in heaven.

Through fraternity we come to know the Father. Through faithfulness we come from things transitory to the perception of things eternal. This is the end of life. Here meet all the roads we have traveled; here the ideal finds its crown; here is supreme unity. It is for this that the flowers are fair, that the stars shine, that the hidden enigma of love is born anew every spring.

* * * *

This is the road in which we ask you to march, ye chosen flower of our youth. From the midst of your labors, your griefs, the struggles of your intelligence with darkness and of your will with evil, lift your heart to the verities, so old and so

The Larger Vision

new, so familiar and so forgotten. Let the wind of the Holy Spirit blow upon your heads. Know its mystery, its terror, and its tenderness, and you will be able on your way, which is that too of humanity, to see arise the dawn you wait for. Thus you will have overcome the evil you received with the heritage of your ancestors. You will multiply a hundred-fold the good they have done. In attacking, in this spirit, their vast labors in science, the marvelous conquests they left behind them, what a work you will be able to accomplish! May you thus become, in this age of subdivision, weariness, and wear and tear, that force of which our Michelet somewhere speaks, when he says that some day it will sweep away the old world with a breath from God.

CHARLES WAGNER

Youth

The Student's Book of Inspirations

The Gleam is "the undying longing and search after the ideal light, the mother-passion of all the supreme artists of the world." (STOPFORD A. BROOKE.)

Mighty the Wizard
Who found me at sunrise
Sleeping, and woke me,
And learn'd me Magic!
Great the Master,
And sweet the Magic,
When over the valley,
In early summers,
Over the mountain,
On human faces,
And all around me,
Moving to melody,
Floated the Gleam.

* * * *

Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight!

The Barger Vision

O young Mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel
And crowd your canvas,
And ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam.

ALFRED TENNYSON

Merlin and the Gleam

Index

Index

"A. E.," *see* Russell, George William.

Arnold, Matthew.....36, 57, 63, 74, 107, 118

Bacon, Francis.....50

Blackie, John Stuart.....27

Boufflers, Duke de.....53

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett.....39, 52

Browning, Robert.....14, 37, 70, 72

Burroughs, John.....83

Carlyle, Thomas.....121

Carman, Bliss.....102

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor.....36

Continent, The.....73

Crothers, Samuel McChord.....115

Darwin, Charles.....37

Eliot, George.....120

Emerson, Ralph Waldo.....10, 51, 61, 62, 75, 87, 92, 94

Exeter, Bishop of.....64

Fleischer, Charles.....109, 111

Gladstone, William Ewart.....101

Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von.....68

Gosse, Edmund.....44

Hamerton, Philip Gilbert.....64

Harrison, Frederic.....116

Index

Henderson, Charles Hanford.....	30
Hewlett, Maurice.....	33
Higginson, Thomas Wentworth.....	69
Holmes, Oliver Wendell.....	85
Hovey, Richard.....	15, 55, 102, 112
Hyde, William DeWitt.....	65
James, William.....	89
Jameson, J. Franklin.....	90
Jefferies, Richard.....	11, 12, 13
Keats, John.....	25
Lee, Vernon.....	40
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth.....	63
Lowell, James Russell.....	3, 6
Mabie, Hamilton Wright.....	78, 88
Macleod, Fiona.....	19, 41
Müller, Max.....	92
Okakura-Kakuzo.....	28
Pater, Walter.....	32
Phillipps, Lisle March.....	99, 101
Plato.....	41
Rolland, Romain.....	36
Ruskin, John.....	85
Russell, George William.....	21
Santayana, George.....	29
Seeger, Alan.....	38
Shakespeare, William.....	53
Sharp, William.....	19, 41

Index

Shelley, Percy Bysshe.....	39
Spencer, Herbert.....	95
Stedman, Edmund Clarence.....	28
Stevenson, Robert Louis.....	52, 54, 93, 102
Sutton, Henry Septimus.....	13
Tagore, Rabindranath.....	18
Taylor, Henry Osborn.....	67
Tennyson, Alfred.....	77, 128
Thoreau, Henry David.....	8, 9, 64, 110
Wagner, Charles.....	49, 125
Whitman, Walt.....	3, 17, 71
Wordsworth, William.....	7, 61, 62, 122
Zweig, Stephan.....	35

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